

BROTHER DANGERFIELD.

BILL NYE WRITES TO THE TIMES.

William Alas His Knowledge of Paleolithic and Neolithic Remains—What He Knows About the Oyster in Law.

The mail brings the sad intelligence that in the case of the people of Illinois versus Isaac Dangerfield, of Chicago, the defendant has been held by Judge Glennon in the sum of \$20,000 to the grand jury of Cook county on the charge of embezzlement.

Mr. Dangerfield stood high socially in Chicago and was one of the first gents west of the Alleghenies to wear a box coat. It did not touch him anywhere except on the shoulders, and is still believed to have been made in England.

He is charged with taking, keeping, retaining and clinging to \$10,000, which was deposited with him to bond the gain in the purchase of the Pontiac, Oxford and North railroad, a Michigan line 100 miles in length, which Mr. C. T. Gregory began the purchase of about two years ago through Dangerfield.

The trade held fire, I believe, and so the depositors one day asked Isaac to return the \$10,000, but he had put it into a team or something and so claimed that the money was forfeited. He has had the money now two years, and was hoping that some one else would come along and forfeit a like sum before cold weather came on.

Isaac at one time published the speeches of Emory A. Storrs, of Chicago, in book form, but the widow did not get anything in return except social recognition by Mr. Dangerfield, whose manners are easy and fluent.

Later on he published a book for me in an unguarded moment and has corresponded with me ever since in a light, airy and graceful style, which has been a great help to me. When I began to correspond with him my style was rather heavy and labored, but after the first two years people noticed that I was getting a command of language that indicated deep thought and mobility.

Socially Mr. Dangerfield is ambitious, and he may be found at all times hobnobbing with his superiors in a bright and cheery way. When he began to publish my book, I got the refusal of a good cow here where I live, paying five dollars for the option and promising to pay the balance on receipt of Mr. Dangerfield's check.

We are still without milk! Mr. Dangerfield is well fitted to shine in society, but in a business way he is erratic, conservative and past finding out. He entertains with a lavish hand, musing around in the salad and making while you wait a style of mayonnaise dressing that should teach us not to cling too closely to life, but rather to be ready at all times calmly to accept our doom, such as it is, and give a receipt for same.

Dangerfield is not his real name, but I have it on file for the use of those who contemplate dealing with him.

Branscomb Ruth, of Mudhaven, Mass., writes to ask for information. "Can you," he goes on to say, "tell me if you ever traveled among the people of Beled El Mehgreb? I am quite a student of those and kindred races and am also passionately fond of paleolithic and neolithic remains. Tell me all you know



ON THE STREET.

regarding this people and their country. I am teaching this season, hoping to get the means to visit that region in a few years. God knows that I would not teach a summer school here at Mudhaven and try to do right at eighteen dollars per mo. if I did not have hopes of seeing the world and writing a book upon it."

You will succeed, Branscomb, if you press on, and you will no doubt see the world and write a book upon one side of it at least. I have taught a summer school myself and know how tedious it is. At the age of eighteen years and three months I taught a country school composed largely of youth and middle aged people. I taught in the English language, and tried at eventide to learn the violin by means of a pamphlet. I am still proficient in the English language, and last month while paying a visit to New York, remembering what a great violinist once did, I took the bow from the hands of a blind musician at the depot who had been permitted to play there, but who had not heard the plunk of a penny in his poor old hat all day.

With a great gulp of joy I took the bow from his trembling and as I may say sobbing hand. As he could not see me, of course he did not know that a considerable of a virtuoso had the instrument. In fact, as he afterward told me, he did not know me from Adam's off ox. Running my fingers carelessly along the finger board to see if the gamut was all right, I put some rozzum on the bow, meanwhile looking about over the sea of upturned dead goods boxes with a stern but beautiful side expression, and then sweeping the strings with long earnest strokes I soon struck into the smooth cadences of "Il Trovatore" and "Come, Thou Fount of Every Blessing," arranged for me by Chubb, the fishing rod man.

Business began to show signs of congestion. Carts and wagons stopped and blocked up the street. Some knew me by my truthful and faithful efforts to look like my cartoon. The blind man held his hat, and pennies were ever and anon dropped into it by smiling hands, as it were. The crowd grew apace. Fully 5,000 people were gathered about me near the ferry. They were good

natured and generous, and the old man's eyes twinkled till I feared he would forget himself and see things, but as I wearied and the crowd began to ask for other selections a tall man, with pompadour hair, came in on the Pennsylvania road, and every man, woman and child deserted me to follow him away.



PERSUADING THE DOG.

Need I add that it was Corbett, the trimmer and copal varnisher of my fellow author, John L. Sullivan?

They had come there to see him. According to the report made by a very well known paleolithic expert of France, there are abundant signs of paleolithic men all over that country. The region is west of the Nile and toward the southeast corner of that belt of virgin real estate known as the Desert of Sahara.

M. Chatelier says that the spoor of paleolithic man points to the existence of human beings here in the quaternary period, and even back of that at a time when the distribution of land and waters was far different and when the Desert of Sahara was a little streak of sand where the Egyptians came to get material for plastering. An old limekiln is still on the ground, though some claim it is a royal tomb or sarcophagus bed.

The scientist says very truly, I think, and I am borne out in this opinion by my fellow scientist, Tunk Brady, author of "Ten Groggy Gobs and Ten Seconds of Silence," a book that had a large sale while Tunk was popular, but is now out of print, that "the paleolithic man appears to have been succeeded without a hiatus by neolithic communities who developed to a high degree of perfection the art of making stone implements." As there are no whisks found in any of the graves it is presumed by Huxley and I that these men perfected the stone razor to such a degree that even the king made all kinds of excuses to leave the throne in order to be shaved twice per day.

M. Chatelier also says that "the most striking features of the prehistoric remains are the megalithic structures—the dolmens, the menhirs, the cromlechs, the trilithons, stone circles, etc.—which are abundantly scattered over the soil from Fez, in Morocco, to the Tripolitan chateau."

Unfortunately I did not know this until I had furnished my house. I would have been pleased to look over a few of those myself.

Discovery of Roman coins in some of these dolmens shows, he says, that they may have been contemporary with the old settlers of Beled El Mehgreb; also that a coin pocket in the dolman has always been regarded as a safe place to keep money from the hand of man.

Similar megalithic remains have been found in Palestine and away back in the early history of the cave bear, the three toed horse and the old settlers of Isip. The Amorites also left megalithic remains and two or three Cornish jokes still bearing the marks of the clumsy stone implement with which they were heven out.

It must be a great comfort to these people to know that they have been successful in leaving megalithic remains. Washington awoke one morning to find himself the father of his country, but he left no megalithic remains. Columbus discovered the country of which Washington in a number of well chosen remarks officially became the father, but even Chris left no megalithic remains which would resist the elements and the overzealous tooth of Time.

What may we learn from this? One hundred dollars in cash or farm produce will be given to the first one who discovers what we should learn from this.

I wrote to a paper once that was trying to boom its circulation by offering \$1,000 to the first one who should write the correct solution of a rebus published in this paper and inclose one dollar also for subscription. The editor sent me a letter in which he said that my solution was correct, as also were many others. But unfortunately his wife, being right handy to the office, had been the first one to solve it, and as she was a very needy person and very well connected by marriage he had awarded the prize to her.

Another correspondent writes from Star Prairie, Wis., to ask regarding a question of law, as follows: "Would you mind taking the time to answer, publicly or privately, as you may choose, for the benefit of a young law student, whether or not the oyster is, as a matter of fact, real estate or personal property?"

Oysters running wild or in a state of nature are neither personal property nor real estate, but upon becoming domesticated and put to bed, as I may say, they are ruled by the New Jersey court of chancery to be real estate, and subject to the laws regulating the taxation and alienation of real estate.

Judge Pierce, of Ellsworth, Pierce county, Wis., and Judge Hough, of New Richmond, St. Croix county, have both held that the oyster itself may be and often is real estate, but that the oyster bed is personal property and may pass without regard to the statute of limitations or the laws regarding the alienation of realty.

The statutes under Justinian held that the oyster plant while growing was real estate, but when detached from the reality it became personal property, while the oyster bed in this case, or the oyster plant bed, becomes real estate.

knowing whether the oyster bed should face the north or be made up with the oyster's head toward the engine.

Another correspondent asks to know if cholera is known to exist in North Carolina, and also whether the great hand to hand combat between Miss Lotie Collins and the soft shell crabs of Fire Island will be renewed in the future.

In reply would say that there is no cholera in North Carolina at this writing. Western North Carolina is the point to which many thousands come to be absolutely free from all fear of cholera. Our air is perfectly pure, and people who do not have too large a living surface are cordially invited to come and help themselves. Friends with means and short one lung are cordially requested to come and cough with us without charge.

The sporadic case of cholera reported from near my house at Buck Shoals, N. C., turns out to have been brought on by the use of a medicated watermelon with chemicals in it which had been administered by these fair hands. It grew in my patch, and so I felt free to manipulate it as I saw fit.

The man is now out of danger, but has been quarantined till I can get my bulldog to give up his pants—not the bulldog's pants, but the man's pants.

The trouble at Fire Island on the 13th and 14th of September was rather disgraceful, but resulted from the fact that our government is not quite despot enough in case of emergency. The popular clamor of Isip, which turned out to be the unpopular clamor of Constable's Hook, would have gone to Siberia for life if he had acted in a cholera country as he did here.

Freedom, I have always said, is a good thing for those who have been brought up on it, and who have had it on the table with their meals ever since they were children, but for those who are not used to it it becomes too exhilarating, and one whiff of it seems to call for another till they fetch up in a new made grave.

This is the reason that the torch of Liberty shone down upon a picture of perverted freedom—a pathetic and pitiful exhibition of the way ignorance and selfishness may still abuse the rights so dearly bought and so ill bestowed.

Bill Nye

He Wasn't Exalted.

They were rehearsing for the wedding. The organ had ceased its roaring, and the bride and groom stood with clasped hands before the altar. There was a stillness throughout the sacred edifice, and the solemnity of the sanctuary exalted almost all the hearts of the group gathered at the chancel.

The most notable exception was the heart of the professional master of ceremonies.

It was not exalted to any appreciable extent.

"Do you take this woman to be?"

The master of ceremonies critically contemplated the happy pair.

"—your wedded—don't squeeze hands—wife?"

The groom's lips moved.

"Don't open your mouth too wide."

The groom looked scared and whispered something.

"Look pleasant, please—do you take this man to be your wedded—the chin a little higher—husband—eyes not quite so much obscured—there."

The bride trembled and gasped unintelligibly.

"Will you cherish, protect—a little more on the right foot—and defend—look to the altar—until death doth—not quite so much bend in the knee—part?"

The groom nervously signified that he would.

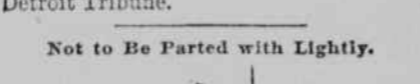
"Will you love—don't be thinking how your dress hangs—honor and—don't get too close to the groom—obey?"

"Yes," ventured the bride.

"Don't make the responses too confidently—whom God hath joined let no man—don't exchange glances—put asunder."

The organ roared again. The party wended its way from the church, but the exaltation was in a measure abated.—Detroit Tribune.

Not to Be Parted with Lightly.



Sarah White—And shall you keep this yacht after we marry, my darling?

William Green—Alas, I fear we can ill afford it. In sooth, I am minded to offer it to the Vanderbilts if I can get my price for it!—Truth.

Wonderful Railroad.

When the railroad between Moscow and St. Petersburg was opened it inspired great terror in the breasts of the superstitious peasantry, who thought there must be some witchcraft in an invention which could make a train of heavy cars run along without horses at the rate of twenty miles an hour. Some of them would not go in sight of a train. Others took timid peeps at the smoke breathing creature, which they believed to be alive and ready to devour whatever came in its way. When the whistle sounded they said, "The monster is hungry; he's screaming for somebody to eat!"

By degrees, however, their terror wore away, and following the example of the village priests the peasants began to try the "smoke wagons," though with fear and trembling. The superstition had gone, but the mystery still remained.

One day an old man who had never been away from his own village determined to take a look at "Mother Moscow," which is regarded by all the Russian peasantry as the most wonderful city in the world.

The down express and the up express met at Bologoe—half way between St. Petersburg and Moscow—and the passengers of both trains were allowed half an hour for supper. Among the people who alighted from the other train the old peasant recognized a friend whom he had not seen for a long time.

They had a delightful chat together over their tea in the restaurant, and then without any thought of what he

was doing the old peasant boarded his friend's train instead of his own.

The talk was very merry for some time, but at last the old man became grave and silent, and appeared to be puzzling deeply over something. At last he broke out:

"Ah, Ivan, what a wonderful thing are these railroads! Here we sit in the same car, I going to Moscow and you to St. Petersburg!"—Youth's Companion.

SIZING UP THE BOY.

She Didn't Realize That He Had Grown So Much.

"I want to buy a pair of pants for my little boy," said a country woman to the clerk as she entered an Adrian clothing store.

"This way, if you please, madam; about what size?" inquired the amiable clerk.

"Well, I couldn't tell exactly without seeing 'em. Just show me some boys' pants."

"Of course, to be sure; how would these suit him?" and the clerk displayed a very cute affair for a boy of about five years.

"Oh, sakes alive! he's bigger'n that; he ain't no baby, Johnnie ain't."

"Would these be about the figure for him?" and the clerk presented another pair to view, very much larger.

"Laws, no! He couldn't wear them no more'n nothin."

"Well, here's something that ought to fit him, I'm quite sure."

"Sakes alive! Hain't you got nothin bigger'n that?"

"Yes, but I thought you wanted them for a small boy."

"Well, he's quite a good sized boy."

"Here's another pair. I assure you these would fit a large sized boy."

"Shoot them wouldn't reach to his ankles. He'd be worse off in them than the ones he wears now. Git somethin about a foot longer."

"You mean a man's size, don't you?"

"No, I don't. They're for my little boy."

"But we have nothing larger in boys' suits."

"You ain't?"

"No."

"Well, I don't know what I'll do; guess I'd better look some other place."

"Wait a minute; just look over here;" and the clerk conducted the woman to another department and presented for her examination a pair of trousers designed for the adornment of a man of about six feet.

"Oh, them's the very thing. How much be they? Why didn't you tell me you had 'em afore?"

"Because I didn't know how big your little boy was. It seems to me he must be quite a chunk of a boy when a man's clothes fit him."

"Well, I declare to goodness; it must be that he's a man. I never once thought on it that way afore. It just struck me this minute. How they do grow up, don't they?"

And when a satisfactory bargain had been concluded the perplexed and surprised woman departed with her bundle.—Detroit Free Press.

Just the Thing.



Xerxes—Gosh, a'mighty, Zoff; where zhu git dat big buckle on yo' belt? Zoffany—Don'ten yo' tell de ladies, Xerx! Dat's de missus' doah knocker! Swell, ain'ten it?—Truth.

Weather Wisdom.

The observatory at Paris was conducted on a somewhat old fashioned plan under its late director, Admiral Mouchez, whose death was recently recorded. Although a courteous man, the admiral has no patience with modern newspapers, which kept reporters almost constantly running to him to "interview" him on various astronomical and meteorological questions.

Not long ago a reporter came to him and asked, "How do you account for the present season being so wet?"

"I know nothing of meteorology," answered the director of the observatory blandly, "but might I venture to suggest that perhaps it is because we have had so much rain?"

The reporter looked aghast, but went on quickly with his next question. "Can you give us an idea what the weather will be tomorrow?"

"Pardon me," answered the admiral, "but the fact is I am very busy today. If you'll run in tomorrow, very likely I can tell you."—Exchange.

At the Railroad Ticket Office.

Lady—A ticket for me and two halves for my sons.

Ticket Seller—Excuse me, madam, but one of your sons is much older than twelve years.

"What of that? The other is as much under twelve years as the older is over twelve, so they only aggregate twelve years."

"Not this trip, fair lady."—Texas Siftings.

Not a Question of Age.



"All the girls wear them."

"Do you still call yourself a girl?"

"Why not? My husband is still one of the boys, though my senior by twenty years."—Life.

Her Reflections.

Jack—What did you think when I kissed you?

Clara—I wondered what my fiancé would think if he knew it.—New York Herald.

INSURANCE STATEMENT.

ANNUAL STATEMENT, DEALING EXCLUSIVELY WITH TRANSACTIONS AND AFFAIRS OF THE BRITISH MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED, FOR THE YEAR ENDING THE 31ST DAY OF DECEMBER, 1891, OF THE ACTUAL CONDITION OF THE FRANCHISE IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA, AND OF THE ACTUAL CONDITION OF THE FRANCHISE IN THE KINGDOM OF GREAT BRITAIN, MADE TO THE AUDITOR OF PUBLIC ACCOUNTS FOR THE COMMONWEALTH OF VIRGINIA, PURSUANT TO SECTIONS 1261 AND 1262, CODE 1887, REGULATING THE REPORTS OF INSURANCE COMPANIES.

Name of the company in full—BRITISH AND FOREIGN MARINE INSURANCE COMPANY, LIMITED. Home or principal office of said company—3 CASTLE STREET, LIVERPOOL, ENGLAND.

Chairman—THOMAS CHILTON. Secretary—ARTHUR CHILTON. Organized and incorporated—FEBRUARY, 1863. Commenced business—FEBRUARY, 1863.

Name of the agent in Virginia—J. B. MOORE. Residence of the general agent in Virginia—RICHMOND.

I. CAPITAL.

Capital..... £200,000 00

II. ASSETS.

The assets of said company, and a detailed statement of how and in what the same are invested:

Loans on bond and mortgage, on real estate in Portland, Oregon, worth \$125,000... \$ 50,000 00

Account of stocks, bonds and treasury notes of the United States and of this State and other states, and also of stocks and bonds owned absolutely by the company:

Account of stocks and bonds absolutely owned by the company.

Registered bonds of the United States, 4 per cent. consols of 1897..... \$100,000 \$100,000 \$116,875

Local improvement bond of the city of Brooklyn 3 per cent. consols of 1912..... 42,000 42,000 42,000

Addition water stock of the city of New York 3 per cent. consols of 1904..... 58,000 58,000 58,290

..... \$200,000

Above on deposit with Superintendent of Insurance Department of the State of New York for security of all policy holders in the United States:

Boston and Lowell railroad, 4 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... \$100,000

Providence and Worcester railroad, 6 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 50,000

Fitchburg railroad, 4 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 30,000

Fitchburg railroad, 4 1/2 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 22,000

Fitchburg railroad coupon bonds..... 28,000

Boston, Fitchburg and New Bedford 5 per cent. coupon bonds of 1910..... 2,000

Old Colony railroad, 7 per cent. registered bonds of 1894..... 1,000

Old Colony railroad, 6 per cent. registered bonds of 1897..... 1,000

Old Colony railroad bonds..... 25,000

Old Colony railroad, 6 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 2,000

Old Colony railroad, 6 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 11,000

Old Colony railroad, 4 1/2 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 12,000

Eastern railroad, 6 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 10,000

Eastern railroad, 6 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 5,000

Eastern railroad, 6 per cent. coupon bonds of 1897..... 5,840

..... \$304,840

Total of securities deposited with treasurer of Massachusetts for security of all policy holders in the United States..... \$304,840 \$304,840 72

United States 4 per cent. registered bonds of 1897 on deposit with treasurer of the State of Georgia for the benefit of policy holders in Georgia..... 25,000 29,218 75

United States 4 per cent. registered bonds of 1897 on deposit in the State of Ohio for the benefit of policy holders in Ohio..... 100,000 116,875

Allegheny Valley railroad first mortgage bonds..... 100,000 100,000 121,000

Pennsylvania railroad, 4 1/2 per cent. bonds..... 39,000 41,940

Chicago, Milwaukee and St. Paul railroad bonds..... 75,000 75,000 78,937 50

..... \$214,000

Held by the Central Trust Company of New York as trustee under trust deed for security of policy holders as required by statutes of Massachusetts..... \$518,840 \$518,840 97

Total par and market value, carried out at market value as per memorandum attached..... \$518,840 \$518,840 97 \$518,840 97

Cash in bank and company's office..... \$ 32,005 08

Not premiums in course of collection, but more than three months due..... 274,615 98

Bills receivable, not matured, taken for marine and inland risks..... 14,323 25

All other property belonging to the company, viz: due from other companies for reinsurance on losses..... 31,404 87

Aggregate amount of all the assets of the company in the United States, stated at their actual value..... \$1,337,008 13

III. LIABILITIES.

The liabilities of said company:

Gross losses in process of adjustment, or in suspense, including all reported and supposed losses..... \$174,963 24

Losses resisted, including interest, costs and other